2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
Albania E61

To the Land of the Eagle

When I came down in the morning to get a cup of coffee before leaving for Tirana, I found the waiter asleep in the "coffee-room" with the remains of last night's supper on the uncleared tables and every window tightly shut. The noise I made in rushing to open something and save myself from immediate asphyxiation woke him up, and he arose from his bed—to strain a simile to its utmost limits—like Aphrodite from the waves, completed a scanty toilet with the aid of a comb, and attended to my modest requirements in the way of breakfast. At seven the car came and I departed, nothing loth.

The car was a nine-seater, and the other passengers, including several Roman-Catholic priests, were going by it to San Giovanni di Medua, whence a steamer connection is maintained with Bari, the Italian seaport on the opposite side of the Adriatic. *Rome—Bari—San Giovanni di Medua* is the direct route to Albania, and I was accordingly surprised to find the place so small and insignificant. It contained little more, as far as I could see, than a tiny wharf, a custom-house, a police post, and a few single-storied shacks —mostly coffee-houses—along the waterfront. The bay being very shallow, the steamer was anchored some distance out, and passengers had to be taken aboard by shore boats. But San Giovanni di Medua is no worse in this respect than the other ports of Albania, Durazzo, Valona, and Santi Quaranta, which all suffer, as I found later, from the same drawback. In none of these places is the water deep enough to allow a vessel to lie at the quay.

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
Albania 161

Lorries

494 my calculations, and the fare, for a journey of nearly two days' duration, was after all by no means unreasonable.

The Albanian post lorries are of the familiar military type, and I came across no ambulance waggons like those in which I had suffered such discomfort in Montenegro. There is a good deal of traffic on these roads, not only by post lorries but by other lorries, which also belong to the State. A more or less regular service plies between Santi Quaranta and Koritza, the most important town in Northern Albania, with freight, passengers, and live-stock. I often noticed passengers sitting amongst sheep, lambs, and goats with every appearance of contentment. They did not seem at all incommoded. But in the post lorries, fortunately for me, livestock were not carried.

361 Tepeleni, our first stopping place, was destroyed by an earthquake some years ago and it has never yet been properly rebuilt. At the present time it consists of an irregular 265 street of shanties made of lath and tarred paper. As soon as we arrived the lorry-conductor took me to a restaurant—a [262] lop-sided wooden shack with an earthen floor—where two yokels sat eating maize-bread and yaghourt, and a third man, more opulent, was devouring fried fish with his fingers. [524] Coffee was called for and, despite my protests, paid for by the conductor—little courtesies such as this being the commonplaces of travel in benighted and uncivilised Albania.

505 Beyond Tepeleni a river barred our way. There was a bridge, but it was in ruins like the rest of the village, and the crossing had to be made by a ferry. The roadway on

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
Albania E61

To the Land of the Eagle

505 the near bank was thick with men, dogs, donkeys, mules, oxen, and merchandise, all waiting to be taken to the other side. It was a long time before our turn came, and then, as the fully loaded lorry was too heavy for the ferry-boat, two journeys had to be made, one with the lorry itself and the other with goods and passengers. All this spelled delay, and as a consequence we did not arrive at Permeti, the town where we were to stay the night, until it was growing dusk.

485

PEASANT WOMAN

The Permeti inn was primitive, but its roughnesses were mitigated by the willing efforts of the proprietor's small son, who did his best to make me comfortable and provided me with all the amenities the establishment could offer. He was a bright, intelligent lad, and ought—to use a typically Western expression—" to get on ". He gave me a room to myself, a clean upper sheet, and a clean towel. I looked at the wooden ceiling with misgivings, for the weather was getting warm. It painfully suggested bugs. But it had

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
Albania EG1

To the Land of the Eagle

453 Italian Government to finance such a bank with a loan, and
457 the question of the acceptance or refusal of this offer was then being discussed by the Chamber. The offer was hedged in by conditions of which one I understood, was a requirement that in case of any default in repayment the Italian Government should be entitled to seize the Albanian customs. But it was difficult to get information upon the accuracy of which one could depend. In the end the Chamber did, I believe, accept the Italian offer, so that Albania now, presumably, has a bank, and Italy another large finger in the Albanian pie.

000 As I had been saved from the necessity of sleeping at the Hotel Metropole—thanks to the kind hospitality of my American friends—I was able to stay for some days in Koritza before moving on to the Lake of Ochrida. I wanted, if possible, to cross the lake by steamer and visit the town of
● [505] Ochrida and its celebrated monastery, and I was told that a steamer service ran there from Podgradetz, a lakeside village distant an hour and a half from Koritza by post lorry. So I booked a seat and departed.

133 On the afternoon of my arrival the lake was looking extremely beautiful—sky, water, and mountains mingling in a haze of turquoise and opal. But I found that it was always changing. The next day there were thunderstorms about and the surface of the lake was vivid green against a background of violet mountains half hidden in inky clouds. On the day after that the water was a deep blue, and the mountains were veiled in a soft grey mist. And so on, through infinite variations.